

SOUTHERN PIONEER,

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1842.

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CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER.

THE SOUTHERN PIONEER will be furnished to single subscribers at FIVE DOLLARS per annum.

Five subscribers sending fifteen dollars, will each receive a copy of the paper for one year.

Ten or more subscribers at the rate of \$2 50 for each copy.

Those taking upon themselves the trouble of procuring five or more subscribers, will be entitled to the sixth number gratis.

All payments to be made in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square (ten lines or less) will be conspicuously inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR for each insertion. Longer advertisements in the same proportion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the margin of the copy, otherwise they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All articles of a personal nature, will be charged for at double the rates of advertising.

All political circulars, or public addresses for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch. Having a large and beautiful assortment of Fancy and Job Type, the proprietor is prepared to do all kinds of LETTER PRESS PRINTING in the neatest style. In this respect, he respectfully solicits the patronage of the people of Carroll and the adjoining counties.

Bills for advertising and job work, are considered due so soon as the work is done, and persons will be expected to pay the same whenever called upon.

On all letters and communications addressed to the proprietor, the postage must be paid, or they will not be taken out of the office.

POETRY.



"LIKE ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG."

From Graham's Magazine for September.

"YOU CALL US INCONSTANT."

BY R. T. TUCKERMAN.

You call us inconstant—you say that we cease
Our homage to pay, at the voice of caprice;
That we daily with hearts till their treasures are ours,
As bees drink the sweets from a cluster of flowers;
For a moment's refreshment at love's fountain stay,
Then turn, with a thankless impatience away.

And think you indeed, we so cheerfully part
With hopes that give wings to the o'erwearied heart,
And throw round the future a promise so bright
That life seems a glory, and time a delight?
From our pathway forlorn can we banish the dove,
And yield, without pain, the enchantments of love!

You know not how chill and relentless a wave
Reflection will cast o'er the soul of the brave—
How keenly the clear rays of duty will beam,
And startle the heart from its passionate dream,
To tear the fresh rose from the garland of youth,
And lay it with tears on the altar of truth!

We pass from the presence of beauty, to think—
As the hunter will pause on the precipice brink—
"For me shall the bloom of the gladness and fair
Be wasted away by the fetters of care!
Shall the old, peaceful nest, for my sake, be forgot,
And the gentle and free know a wearisome lot!

"By the tender appeal of that beauty, beware
How you woo her thy desolate fortune to share;
O pluck not a lily so sheltered and sweet,
And bear it not off from its genial retreat:
Enriched with the boon thy existence would be,
But helpless the fate that unites her to thee!"

Thus, dearest, the spell thy graces entwined,
No fickle heart breaks, but a resolute mind;
The pilgrim may turn from the shrine with a smile,
Yet, believe me, his bosom is wrung all the while,
And one thought alone lends a charm to the past—
That his love conquered selfishness nobly at last.

SONG.

AIR—*Of the Stilly Night.*

Of when the heart is sad,
And sorrow's clouds hang o'er us,
Sweet smiles will make us glad,
Of fairy eyes before us.
The moving cheeks of early years,
The joy that eve is waking,
From glowing eyes that sympathize,
Preserve the heart from breaking,
Thus when the heart is sad, &c.

When friendship breathes its words
That calm the brow of sadness,
And mirth awakes the chords
Of merry, social gladness,
We feel that life with all its strife,
Has an elysium ever,
When bliss would seem to be no dream
To cease, oh never, never!
Thus when the heart is sad, &c.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—James, in his novel of *Cors de Leon*, thus describes confidence in love:—

"The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling, that perfect community of all the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts which binds two beings together more closely, more dearly than the dearest of human ties; more than the view of passion or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give earthly love a permanence that we find but seldom in this world."

From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Capitolian.

CLAY AND SCOTT.

The most ridiculous political manoeuvre we have seen for a long time, is the effort made by the Scott presses to prove that Mr. Clay's position as a politician is not understood. These presses might as well undertake to prove that Washington was a tory.—Clay's position not understood! Marvelous! He has gained his immortality by a consistent and uniform adhesion, for forty years, to a set of political principles, a thousand times defined, and practiced upon for years, and yet his principles are not known! The most inveterate of his political opponents have never denied him the credit due for a zealous advocacy of, and devoted attachment to, leading and strongly marked political doctrines. Nay, he has advocated them until many of them have become engrafted in the settled policy of our government, and until he has been called the father of some, and the strongest advocate in the country of others; yet these enlightened, liberal friends, who profess to belong to the party, and profess willingness to give Mr. Clay credit for all his merits, withhold from him that which above all others he is most entitled to, and that which a lifetime of labor and transcendent talents have been exerted to acquire. In short, it is nothing less than an effort to destroy the very foundation of Mr. Clay's glory: an insidious one to be sure, but not the less determined. And by whom are Mr. Clay's principles questioned? Who are they that attempt to rob this consistent politician and intellectual giant of the reward awarded to him by all? One would suppose from the manner in which Mr. Clay is attacked on these points, that his assailants had a paragon of perfection to which they could point with exultation.—But what is the fact? Why, as if purposely to make the shamelessness of their inconsistency conspicuous, they have selected one who is as notoriously unknown as a politician, as Mr. Clay is distinguished for his politics. There is not a citizen in the United States, whose name has ever been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, whose politics are so hidden and so unknown, as those of Gen. Scott. Who ever heard of him as a politician? And how could he be known as such when he himself confesses that he took so little interest in the political questions of the day that for thirty years he has not voted? A bright specimen of a politician indeed! And yet, the advocates of this aspirant to office, complain that Mr. Clay's politics are not known. He whose pendant has been conspicuous, above all others, for forty years, in every political question agitated in the country; whose white plume has been waving in the foremost rank of every political conflict since 1802, combating with an heroic bravery, only equalled by its open, unscrupulous frankness. What public question has been discussed in the country, since Mr. Clay entered Congress, on which he has not made known his views? Is there one? No, there is none. His thousand published speeches will contradict any assertion to the contrary.

On the other hand, where are Gen. Scott's recorded opinions on the various political topics which have been agitated for only ten years past? Where are his projects of governmental policy? Where his schemes of revenue and finance? Where his system of international and diplomatic relations? Where, in fact, his vast plans for developing the mighty resources of this great republic, and carrying into practice internally and externally, the glorious system of civil policy, which has made the people of the United States prosperous and happy above any nation of the earth, and made their government a subject of wonder with the advocates of the old dilapidated systems of Europe? Echo answers where? They were never devised and hence never known. No opinion has likely ever been formed of these multifarious, diversified and great topics, by Gen. Scott. He has been a soldier. His time has been devoted to the study of military tactics, and in defining its nice etiquette. He is a brave soldier, and an accomplished officer; but as for his statesmanship, who ever heard of it? And we have no doubt he himself laughs heartily at the labors of those who are endeavoring to decorate him with the paraphernalia of a Statesman.

SICK HEADACHE.—Two tea-spoons full of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water will, in less than fifteen minutes, give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is by a suprabundance of acid in the stomach.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An exchange paper says "the clergy live by our sins, the doctor by our diseases, and the lawyer by our follies."

NEW ORLEANS MONEY MARKET.

Bank of Louisiana - - - at par.
Gas Bank - - - do

Uncurrent Money.

Union Bank - - - 6 a 8 per ct. dis.
Mechanics & Traders - - - 1 1/2 a 2 1/2 ditto
City Bank - - - 14 a 15 do
Louisiana State Bank - - - 10 a 11 do
Carrollton Bank - - - 10 a 13 do
Canal Bank - - - 15 a 17 do
Commercial Bank - - - 11 a 13 do
Consolidated Bank - - - 18 a 19 do
Citizens' Bank - - - 40 a 43 do

Commercial Bank, Natchez, and checks on Merchants'

Bank, New Orleans, 25 a 30 do
Municipality No. 1 - - - 11 a 14 do
Municipality No. 2 - - - 11 a 14 do
Municipality No. 3 - - - 50 a 60 do
Exchange Bank, Orleans, 34 a 38 cts. on dol.
Improvement Bank, do 42 a 45 do
Atchafayala, do 12 1/2 a 16 do
Bank of Orleans, do 30 a 34 do

Alabama money is from 28 to 30 cents discount, and Tennessee is 5 and 7 cts.

THE END OF THE DRUNKARD.

A New York Correspondent of the United States Gazette, describing an evening on the Battery concludes his letter with this affecting incident.

A crowd had gathered near the gate at the extremity of the Battery, and several voices rose at the same moment upon the air, crying for vengeance upon a tattered form that reeled into the enclosure in a beastly state of intoxication. He was apparently about fifty years of age, and was followed by a young beautiful and interesting girl, not out of her teens. A moment before I saw him, he had raised his arm and struck this lovely being to the earth. For this crowd was pursuing him, and would doubtless have committed some summary act upon the inebriated wretch, had not the same delicate form interposed to prevent the consummation of the deed. She approached timidly and fondly begged the monster to come home. He swore by the living God he would never return.

Little did he think, as he uttered the oath, that the vengeance of that God his sacrilegious lips had profaned, was at that moment hanging over him, and that the angel of death was waiting upon the waters to bear him with all his sins upon his head into the presence of the Greater he had mocked.

He shook the fair girl from him with a curse, and staggered to the railing. A cluster of boats was at some distance from the shore, and a few voices were singing one of Russell's songs. The drunkard contrived to clamber up on the uppermost rail, and having seated himself, called to the singers to perform something lively, or "d-n his eyes, he would come out there and sing for himself!" These were the last words he uttered. In endeavoring to change his position, his foot slipped, and he fell into the waters to rise no more. Great exertions were made by the boats to render him assistance, and more than one daring fellow plunged into the sea; but all in vain—his body has not yet been recovered. The tide was running strong at the time, and we may hear of his body being washed upon the opposite shore in a few days.

The poor girl was almost frantic—she rushed to the water's edge, crying "Father! father! dear father! for heaven's sake save my father!"—it was indeed her father. He had once enjoyed a handsome property, but liquor ruined him. He sold his house for it and at last his garments. His wife died from want, and his daughter had supported him and three brothers by the labor of her hands.

He swore he would never again enter her house because she would not give him liquor; he cursed her, and died while a curse against himself yet hung upon his lips. The daughter did not leave the spot before midnight, and her cries appalled the stoutest hearts around her. Twenty dollars were raised among the spectators, but when handed to her, she exclaimed, "No! no! give me my father!" Poor girl, she called in vain. That father was in other presence. She was borne from the place by some friends, and when I left the spot, the lightness of heart which had drawn me to the scene had departed, and I felt it almost a sin to be happy amidst the wretchedness man makes for himself.

From the Savannah Georgian.

CHRONOLOGY OF SOME IMPORTANT INVENTIONS, &c.

Maps, Globes, and Dials were first invented by Anaximander in the 6th century before Christ. They were first brought into England by Bartholomew Columbus, in 1489.

Comedy and Tragedy were first exhibited at Athens, 562 B. C.

Plays were first acted at Rome, 239 B. C.

The first Library was founded at Athens, 562 B. C.

The first public Library was founded at Alexandria, 284 A. D.

Paper was invented in China, 170 B. C.

The Calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar 45 B. C.

Saddles came into use in the 4th century. Horse shoes made of iron, were first used A. D. 481.

Styrups were not made till about a century later.

Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe, 551 A. D.

Pens first made of quills, A. D. 635.

Stone buildings and glass introduced into England, A. D. 674.

Pleadings in courts of judicature introduced, A. D. 788.

The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991.

Paper made of cotton rags invented towards the close of the 10th century.

Paper made of Linen in 1300.

The degree of Doctor first conferred into Europe, at Bologna, 11,300; in England, 1209.

The first regular Bank was established at Venice in 1147. The Bank of Genoa, was established in 1407. That of Amsterdam in 1694.

Astronomy and Geometry brought into England 1220.

Linen first made in England, 1253.

Spectacles invented, 1290.

The art of weaving introduced into England, 1330.

Music notes as now used invented, 1330.

Gunpowder invented at Cologne 1320—40 by Schwartz.

Cannon first used at the siege of Algeziras, 1342. Muskets in use 1370.

Pistols in use 1544.

Printing invented at Mentz by Gutemberg, 1440.

Printing introduced into England, 1471.

Post office established in France 1464, in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.

Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America in 1520. Tobacco introduced into France by Nicot, 1560.

First coach made in England, 1564.

Clocks first made in England, 1568.

Potatoes introduced into Ireland and England in 1586.

The circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey 1619.

The first Newspaper, published at Venice, 1630. First in France, 1631. First in England 1665.

Coffee introduced into England, 1641.

Tea introduced into England, 1666.

The steam engine invented by the Marquis of Worcester, 1655.

Fire engines first invented, 1663.

Turmpikes first made in England, 1663.

Bayonets invented in Bayonne, (whence their name) 1670. First brought into use at the battle of Turin, 1693.

Stereotype printing invented, 1725.

New style of calendar introduced into England, 1752.

Air Balloons and Aerostation invented in France 1782.

The first Mail carried in England by stage coach 1785.

The cotton gin invented in Georgia, 1794.

Life boats invented in England, 1802.

The first steamboat on the Hudson, 1607.

The streets of London first lit with gas, 1814.

The above items show how slowly the condition of man has changed from age to age. During the first thirteen centuries of the Christian Era, there was hardly any improvement of Mankind, in their social, political, or intellectual systems. The liberations of the public mind from its depressing tendencies, the invention of printing, and the reformation, and the introduction of fire arms, has produced the rapid progress which it has made during the last few centuries, in noble inventions and discoveries running through the whole circle of art, science and literature. With the "wings of the morning," it has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth; it has grasped the highest truths of the sky above, and sought out the profound depths below; and in every place, and all subjects, mind is asserting its mastery and achieving its conquests.

From the Nashville Banner.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Our opponents charge the Whigs with broken promises. A slight transmutation of their cant phrases on this subject, will venerate a much larger amount of truth and common sense than they usually embody. For example, the Whigs in 1840, promised that if they had power to carry out their measures, it would result in better times—that is:

"Money plenty and easily come at;
Prices of produce high, and ready sale;
Wages of labor high, and labor in great demand;
Taxes low and few of them."

But before they had time to put a single measure into operation their President died and the Whigs were betrayed. Their measures have been counteracted by Executive vetoes; their whole policy has been baffled and laughed at, and the Government treacherously delivered over to the counsels and purposes of Locofocoism. The result is, worse, instead of better times—that is:

"Money scarcer than ever before known.
Produce very low, and still falling.
Taxes high and increasing.
Constables busy, and Ca Sas plenty.
Usurers and note shavers growing rich on the distress of the country."

We submit it to an honest and intelligent people to say, whose fault is it?

"Do make yourselves at home ladies," said a lady to her visitors, one day, "I am at home myself, and wish you all were."

A CONTRAST.

1. If General Harrison had lived, a National Fiscal Agent, and a sound currency, would have been in full operation before this.

2. The Land Distribution Law would have gone into effect.

3. The credit of the debtor States would have been in process of gradual resuscitation.

4. The credit of the General State Governments, would have been established at home and abroad.

5. A healthful and adequate currency, and cheap exchanges, would have pervaded the Union.

6. Property, labor, and the products of labor, throughout the country, would have returned to the standard of our prosperous days.

7. The regular Session of the present Congress would not probably have extended beyond three months, doubtless not beyond four.

8. A revenue tariff would have been established without opposition, and gone into operation after the 30th of June.

9. And the whole country would at this time have been restored to a quiet, prosperous, and happy condition, labor in demand, with good reward, and all kinds of business revived.

No one can tell the millions of wealth, which, as a nation, we should have acquired.

We make these statements as positions which most people will assent to, because they feel that they are true.

NOW, BEHOLD THE CONTRAST!

1. No fiscal agent of the Government.

2. No currency, or that which is almost worse than none.

3. Little money, bad as it is, and hard to get.

4. Labor begging for bread, and the products of industry and toils without a market.

5. The credit of the General Government prostrate, the national Treasury empty, and countless files of bills against the Treasury protested or unpaid, and rapidly accumulating.

6. The Debtor States in a far worse condition.

7. No law, and no authority, for the collection of revenue.

8. As a nation, and as a people, discredited at home, and dishonored abroad.

9. Nobody knows what to do, or how to get along. We are an impoverished people, and a bankrupt nation, with all our energies and courage paralyzed.

We submit this contrast, with these questions: Who prevented the good pointed out in the former of these specifications?—And Who has brought upon us the evils embodied in the latter, so well known to all?—Who has disappointed a great nation, struggling in agony for the recovery of its rights, and of its prostrate wealth?—We ask—WHO HAS DONE IT?—AND WHAT DID HE DO IT FOR?

Let the wronged and spoiled people answer these questions.—*True Whig.*

A writer beautifully remarks, that a man's mother is the representative of his maker.—Misfortune and even crime set up no barriers between her and her son. Whilst his mother lives he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrow, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affection knows no ebbing tide. It flows on from a pure fountain, spreading happiness through all this veil of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

Rich.—A drunken chap, not long since, feeling cold, got up in the night, and seeing, as he supposed, some embers on the hearth, he gathered some fuel together and tried to create a flame with his breath and bellows, but in vain. His wife heard him making a fuss, and rather than be disturbed in her rest, got up to make the fire for him, when she found that her husband had been trying to blow four or five straggling moonbeams into a blaze.

"Have you no pen and ink?" said the doctor. "No," said the poor woman.

"Well, I have lost my pencil—give me a piece of chalk."

And the doctor chalked a prescription upon the door, telling the afflicted female to give that to her son when he awoke.

"Take it, my boy, take it," said the old woman; lifting the door from its hinges and carrying it to the sick youth when his eyes opened.

"I don't know how you are to do it, I'm sure, but the doctor says its good, and you had better try it."

We find the following living pun in the New Orleans Bee:—

SCHOOL BOOKS.—An editor somewhere out West, says that a school master in his neighborhood recommends to his scholars a very fine edition of *Combe on the head*. He says they have the organ of *inhabitativeness* very strongly developed.—*Vicks. Whig.*

OLD BACHELORS.—Good, but crusty; nice, but slovenly; loving, but hateful; polite, but disagreeable; they present a galvanized paradox, an electrified contradiction.

A strange bedfellow.—At a ladies' temperance meeting in Newburyport, one of the members remarked that the temperance cause had been a great blessing to her—"for," added she, "I slept with a barrel of rum for nine years—but now," she continued, her eyes brightening "since my husband has signed the pledge, I have a man to sleep with, thank God." Then all the spinsters laid their hands on their hearts and said—Amen.